

## "The Yankee Prince" on Broadway

BY FRANKLIN FYLES.

New York, April 24.—Humorous frontier is the safest quality for an American dramatist to put into a native character meant to be popular. That element in human nature, as developed in the states, exists full force in lawyers and three-card monte men, parsons and circus firemen, Wall street high financiers and low bucket-shop touters; but the possession of it is put on the stage most frequently and effectively in a down-grade sporting man. It has seemed to me that if Bret Harte's outcast gamblers had been humorists, too, and not merely self-contained knaves, they wouldn't have defied their creator and other experts to make them as likeable in plays as they were in books. With the single exception of "Miles," put by Clay Greene into a fortunate play for Annie Pixley, no Harte material has been of much theatrical account. The dead and gone Stuart Robson, having failed with an acting version of "Two Men of Sandy Bar," butted his sore head against the newspaper critics, and had to apologize to one of them to save himself from legal prosecution.

George M. Cohan is in his new play "The Yankee Prince," a humoristic sporting man, who overflows out of sight with giggles, snickers, cachinnations and guttaws, all the other noises of mirth. Nothing in this nonsense show is more singular than Cohan's subordination of himself to Tom Lewis, the player of that part. In his thank-you speech on the opening night, he begged his audience not to take him as a dramatist seriously, and declared there was nothing worth a moment's consideration in any song-and-dance farce. He sought to be understood as to holding his own work in contempt; yet the sophisticated New Yorkers who filled the theatre were noisy with hilarity; and my pen would become envious if I were to figure with it on the addition which this extravaganza will make to his wealth. My best guess is that Cohan, having convinced himself that he can't write a drama of dignity, or else being at work secretly on one with which he hopes to amaze the public, is working now to pack his pocket rather than swell his pride. That would explain why he has given more and better humor to the role of a prize-fight manager for Tom Lewis than to that of an ardent but ordinary young lover for himself.

Tom Lewis is a droll, fat fellow, who was a bogus negro in vaudeville until Cohan saw in him a right actor to embody human conglomeration of cool suavity. Cohan contracted for some years of Tom's future, and now "The Yankee Prince" Tom is a tourist who takes along a letter from John L. Sullivan, whom he regards as the most justly illustrious American, to the king of Great Britain, who welcomes him cordially.

### Shoemaker's Poultry Book AND ALMANAC FOR 1908.

There is nothing in the world like it. It contains 224 large pages, handsomely illustrated. A number of most beautiful COLORED PLATES OF FOWLS.



true to life. It tells all about all kinds of THOROUGHBRED FOWLS, with lifelike illustrations, and prices of same. It tells how to raise poultry successfully and how to treat all kinds of diseases among them. It gives working plans and illustrations of convenient poultry houses. It tells about

#### Incubators and Brooders.

It gives full instructions for operating all kinds of incubators. This chapter is marvellously complete and worth dollars to anyone using an incubator. It gives descriptions and prices of incubators, brooders and all kinds of Poultry Supplies. In fact, it is an encyclopedia of chickendom and will be mailed to anyone on receipt of only 15 cents. Your money refunded if not resented. C. C. SHOEMAKER, FREEPORT, ILL. Box 1248.

#### Doing One Thing Well Is a Specialty With US

### We're Selling COAL

WESTERN FUEL CO.  
73 SOUTH MAIN ST.  
Tel. 719.

#### Dr. Pratt's Canker and Diphtheria Cure.

No home should be without this new and scientifically prepared remedy, which is the result of long practical treatment of sore throat of every description. First dose gives relief, and small bottle cures. Suits both the old and young. Both phones 44. Remember the number.

44 Main Street.  
Geo. T. Brice Drug Co.

#### DRUNKENNESS CURED.

A positive and permanent cure for drunkenness and drug addiction. Branch parent house, Dwight, Ill. Correspondence confidential.

KERLEY INSTITUTE.  
24 W. S. Temple st., Salt Lake City, Utah.

If It Happens It's in the Herald

Years ago, when Cohan first got close to Broadway in his departure from the avenues, and was on his way from vaudeville toward drama, I wrote that it was "a case of too much Cohan"; for there were the parental Jerry J. and Helen F., overweighting the not much else than dancing Josephine and George M.; but I didn't perceive George M.'s genius in the origination of stuff and nonsense, in which the stuff was catchy and the nonsense infectious. Today George M. Cohan is the pacemaker in musical farce, and most of the other makers of amusement in that field follow him like sheep after a bellwether. Under these conditions, isn't "The Yankee Prince" more interesting to read about than the week's sedate plays? So here goes as though C-o-h-a-n spelt Shakespeare.

There is no such melodramatic plot in this Cohan show as lately he has been prone to; the theme is the time-worn yet not worn-out one of a titled European wooing of an American heiress; and here we have, for the first time since Rose and Charles Cohan were together at Wallack's, a brother and sister in the mimicry of sweethearts. And George Cohan has written his own role with a hot pen and boiling ink; for, as a Yankee millionaire, he falls with a thud in love with Josephine Cohan, as a Yankee millionaire; and when the first-nighters saw him kiss her they applauded tremendously; for hadn't they read that George, having lost—lost—lost—lost his wife, Ethel Levy, and taken a new one, was free to restore his sister to the Cohan quartette? And oh, how Josephine did dance, to say nothing of singing and even acting, to keep the absent Ethel from being missed. I think she did. But I have been prejudiced for Josephine since, a dozen years ago, in a Pittsburgh vaudeville theatre, when a box was full of renowned actors on an off Sunday evening. I saw the then young girl's nervous tension break half through a dance, and she sobbed out: "Don't, oh, don't, my feet are so sore." Time not only flies but stifles; for here is Josephine a marvel of dancing and tolerable at acting. Papa Jerry M. has stood still, son George has not improved a whit, and it is Mamma Helen who has advanced in proficiency as an actress.

Chicago is the boomed city in "The Yankee Prince." Cohan used to put into his plays songs of New York in excesses and of Tenderloin glorification. Now he flouts Broadway and its songs refrain with "Come on, downtown." Instead of extolling the "gay white way," and he doesn't let his people stop over in Gotham at all; but after an act in the tea room of a London hotel, and a second in front of Windsor castle, he jumps them to a third at a lawn party in Michigan avenue. The program says that "George M. Cohan and his royal family" appear in "a timely satire on titled fortune-hunters." The usual sex arrangement is reversed. Jerry M. Cohan is the millionaire parent who seeks an English heir to wed his daughter, Josephine Cohan, while Helen F. Cohan is the parent who opposes such a match, and George M. Cohan is the strenuous American who, after two rounds with the earl in London, knocks him out with a wind-up in Chicago. Josephine does other dancing than his, the chorus is an imitation of George, even the chorus girls behave like him, and why deplore the Cohan vogues so long as its foolery beguiles our dull cares away?

"There is nothing, less than nothing, in this play," said Cohan to the audience, "except money." But he knew better. There is spectators' money's worth of girls, anyway. A spacious stage is overcrowded by them, and they are brought on in relays, crisscrossing and mixing up in the Cohan manner of frantic activity. And George Cohan does other dancing than his, the chorus is an imitation of George, even the chorus girls behave like him, and why deplore the Cohan vogues so long as its foolery beguiles our dull cares away?

There isn't an indecency of word or motion in "The Yankee Prince." None of the girls' costumes is immodest. The finest display of femininity is in the excess of clothes that are worn at a "court," as Londoners call a reception held by the queen. Of course, as Cohan wrote this play while honey-mooning in London, he knew that those royal functions are held only at Buckingham palace; yet, for the sake of introducing a military show, he locates the scene at the portals of old Windsor, and shows us a procession of ladies going in to kiss her majesty's hand. There are only eight of them, but they are so slow and stately, and the court trains, held up by natty pages, reach out so far behind them that the parade seems half a mile long. And at the end of it, the Chicago sport with the letter from John L. Sullivan to King Edward is escorted in triumphantly.

The wolf who gives title to the new play of "The Wolf" is a ravening beast, although a man, and the lamb he would devour is the only girl in a forest. There is another animal thereabouts, however, a good, strong mastiff of a fellow, and there you have the opposed forces essential to the making of drama. The dog mistakes the wolf carrying off the lamb, kills the ferocious brute in a fierce fight, and mates with the gentle creature to live happily ever after—though the happiness is conjectural, for big dogs have been known to eat little lambs quite wolfishly. This happens away north in the wilderness of Canada. Playwrights have crossed the border lately to get characters and scenes among the gamblers of Alaska, and the lumbermen of British Columbia; and now we are taken to the trappers of the Hudson Bay territory to find a spot so wild that a girl may grow to be 20 there without having laid eyes on a person of her own sex, or learning what is love. Surely, the author, Eugene Walter, has sought to get close down to nature.

This play is truly singular. It has six characters only, with all men but one, and shouldn't that mean a scantiness of feminine interest? It has but three acts in which to develop and utilize a very serious plot, and has not even been done in less than four? The interest episode does not make a climax for the penultimate act, and does not come until the end of the play, which is an experiment in construction. Is it any wonder, then, that Walter couldn't make any manager believe in the value of such an odd play, or that actors strove in vain to get themselves placed on the stage in it? After his "Paid in Full" struck

both prosperity, though, it was easy to get stage room for "The Wolf." So, at a time when the Bowery is crowding down the melodrama of swamps and knife juggling, Broadway takes it up with enthusiasm. There were cries of bravo from men, and a spitting of gloved hands by women, when the wolf villain, having seized the lamb girl, and about to drag her away to his den, was faced by the mastiff hero.

"I shall take her," the wolf howls. "You shall not," the mastiff barks. If it came to a fight then, there between the wolf and the mastiff, the lamb would be devoured; but, just as in a hundred half-dollar melodramas, so in this two-dollar example, a gun is poked into the scene, Don't you change hands from villain to hero, and the curtain falls.

You are not to conclude, please, that "The Wolf" would be rejected in the Bowery as obsolete, and is accepted in Broadway simply because it is novel; there, for it would take a grip on any audience anywhere, and all because it presents directly, forcibly, melodramatically, but not exaggeratedly, the case of a girl who will be destroyed or rescued according as the struggle between the bad lover and the good lover shall terminate. The author was shrewd to delay the decisive fight until ten-forty-five o'clock. Oh, my, but it is a fight to the finish. The mastiff, having taken the lamb away from the wolf, has started with her for the safety of civilization. He has reached a portage on the Bear river when the wolf, being missed, is heard. The scene has the illusion of a primeval forest at night. The tired lamb is laid down to rest. The dimness increases until only faint outlines are visible; and, as Walter and William Courtenay, who play the wolf and the mastiff, are counterparts in size, shape and voice, the spectators can't discern which is which. Their weapons are knives. They grapple and twist and tumble and struggle up, thrust and parry, emit exclamations of excitement, rage and pain, and from across the footlights that don't illumine no one can perceive the duel is going. Don't you imagine what an interest of suspense is raised? Is the dear little lamb going to be saved or lost? At length a mortal groan is heard, and one of the combatants falls flat, while the other stands erect; but who is the victor? He strikes a match to be sure that the vanquished one is dead; and it shines in his own face, letting the audience see that he is the good mastiff, while the bad wolf lies dead. The dear lamb is saved, and the play is ended with no trivialities to let down the effect of a rousing climax.

There once was a young man who, being in his first year on the stage, was forced to suppress his ambitious zeal within the cramped limits of the role of a butler, whose sole duty was to enter quietly and announce, "My lord, the carriage waits." This he confined himself to, with rare self-abnegation, until the company with which he was touring reached his native town. Then he asked the stage manager to let him enlarge his role by a few lines, so as to justify the hearty reception that he was sure his friends would give him. Having got permission and, also, received the expected applause, he said: "My lord, the carriage waits. But before you go for your drive I would like to say that, though only a servant, I often have pondered, 'To be or not to be, that is the question; whether 'tis nobler'—and so on with Hamlet's soliloquy. Edward Vroom, reappearing on the New York stage after a long absence—much to be regretted when the actor in the case is as talented as he—prepared himself in a way not dissimilar to the novice in his own town. You see, Mr. Vroom wrote 'The Luck of Macgregor' for himself; and for that he, as the actor, should very forcibly chastise himself as the dramatist. After an hour and a half of childish and obsolete melodrama, a heroic British captain in 'The Luck of Macgregor,' timed and placed in the New York of revolutionary days, was once more suspected of being a spy for the Yankees. This should not have worried him a few lines, so as in each preceding act, and had extricated himself by the simple device of saying something about as dramatic as, 'Oh, look who's here?' or 'Watch, the river has lost?' Whereupon the entire British army, of eight or ten, had run to right upper entrance and, scanning the horizon, given Macgregor a chance to free himself. He had never effected an escape, though, but, being a bad dramatist and a good electioneer, had taken the opportunity to spout ten to twenty lines of buncombe. There were times, so flowery was Mr. Vroom's diction, when I could not help but cock my eyes for rhythm and rhyme in the text.

However, the second act left Macgregor with death at hand and a jest on his lips. To save the gyrl, whose father was a Yankee spy, and who offered herself to a training to follow in father's footsteps, our hero had refused to explain how 'the papers' came to be on his person. Commanded to tell, he retorted, striking an attitude for statuary: 'I'll be hanged if I do.' (pause and a change of pose) 'and I'll be hanged if I don't.'

In the third act we saw Vroom Macgregor before a court-martial, with death imminent; though, as a matter of fact, on the first night he had been court-martialed already in the lobby and condemned to share the death of his own unfortunate play. The court-martial in a tent at Fort George could be played as keen burlesque without a word's change. Our hero, attitudinizing like the statue of Nathan Hale in New York's City Hall park, and clinging to the center of the stage until death should then part, talked and talked and talked, and, using the colonel, and again moving to tears the British army, now re-enforced to the number of twenty. He reminded them, among other things, that they all had had mothers, whereupon their grief knew no bounds. The colonel, indeed, was so stirred that he added several "Zounds!" to his sobs. It was then, having told much about himself from cradle to the grave, that Macgregor, like the young actor in his home city, fell back on Shakespeare, remarking: "She comes in shape no bigger than an agate stone," and thus on. But our hero didn't get far with his Queen Mab speech, the colonel refusing to have his court-martialist flatter him in his purpose. Besides, half of the augmented British army had quit, to change to blue coats and to presently capture the fort. This they did at the very moment when Macgregor was about to be hanged; whereupon said hero cheered right lustily for the Yankees. There was a flag of stars and stripes, too, and Yankee Doodle music for the fiasco of one more drama of the American revolution. Will ever a successful actor won with that seemingly available theme?

On Tuesday Morning Only, the Store Not Open Until 9:30

# Keith O'Brien Co

## The Latch String Hangs on the Doors

- ¶ This welcome is meant in its fullest sense.
- ¶ It means that we want a large part of your trade.
- ¶ To influence it means that we must treat you so well that you will unhesitatingly come again; that you will grow accustomed to the store and our system; that you will get acquainted with the working force and salespeople; that you will soon appreciate our reliable specials; that you will find economy in purchases.
- ¶ It is impossible for those in authority to meet and become personally acquainted with every customer, but we want you to feel that one of the rules of the store is that each shopper must be given courteous and painstaking attention.
- ¶ In the event of dissatisfaction feel at liberty to address one of the floormen.
- ¶ We are anxious to right every wrong.
- ¶ The growth of the store in a large measure is due to our broad policy, to our indefatigable efforts to have customers satisfied.
- ¶ To enforce system and raise the standard of efficiency your co-operation is essential.
- ¶ Be fair yourself, and if a transaction is not entirely satisfactory, we will meet you more than half way.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN WHAT PEOPLE THINK OF WHAT YOU WEAR,  
YOU WILL BE ESPECIALLY INTERESTED IN WHAT WE HAVE TO OFFER YOU

### Interesting Suit Specials for Monday

Handsome Princess and Two-piece Costumes for afternoon and evening wear. Dainty figured foulards, the popular rajahs and taffetas in blue, brown, tan, Copenhagen and black. Regular \$35.00 dresses; special . . . . . \$25.00

### Tailored Jacket Suits

at greatly reduced prices. This sale includes our entire stock of smart, new styles—splendid assortment of colors. Regular prices to \$35.00, reduced to \$19.50 Regular prices to \$39.50, reduced to \$25.00 Regular prices to \$49.50, reduced to \$35.00 Regular prices to \$69.50, reduced to \$39.50 Alterations extra.

### Charming New Effects in Linen

#### Jacket Suits

Made with full skirts, trimmed with self folds; tan, brown, pink, lavender, blue and white—from . . . . . \$8.75 Upward

### The New 1908 Styles in Linen

#### Jumper Suits

Embroidered and lace trimmed styles—from . . . . . \$8.75 Upward

## Quality Millinery at Reasonable Prices

First it's the style, and then the popular prices which account for our big millinery trade this spring.

Beautiful headwear, \$8.50 and \$10.00.  
Handsome, becoming hats, \$7.50.  
Quality looking millinery, \$5.00.  
Some pretty ideas at a less price.  
Misses' and Children's large sailor hats, \$2.75



## Black Taffeta Silk Sale Monday and Week

C. J. Bonnet's celebrated black taffetas are known the world over where high-class dress fabrics are in demand; also other numbers of American manufacturers.

#### FRENCH SILKS

"Bonnet" 21-inch Sultana Taffeta, \$1.25 for . . . . . \$89c  
"Bonnet" 21-inch Chiffon Taffeta, \$1.50 for . . . . . \$1.00  
"Bonnet" 23 and 27-inch Sultana Taffeta, \$1.50 for . . . . . \$1.00  
"Bonnet" 22-inch Mousine Taffeta, \$2.00 for . . . . . \$1.45  
"Bonnet" 22-inch Taffeta Faconne, \$2.00 for . . . . . \$1.45

#### DOMESTIC SILKS

19-inch good-wearing quality, 75c for . . . . . 58c  
22-inch fine lustrous finish, 85c for . . . . . 68c  
26-inch ideal suit material, \$1.00 for . . . . . 79c

Queen Quality Taffeta, absolute guarantee, 20% off

## Men's and Women's Clothes Sold on Credit

For \$1.00 a Week or \$4.00 a Month.

### WE GIVE YOU THE BENEFIT

even after Easter—with any \$20 purchase free—a china silk waist or a handsome walking skirt, value \$7.00, free—and with a gentleman's suit, any fancy vest in the house—by

## The Western Outfit Co.

266 State St., Opposite Knutsford Hotel.

Bell phone 2512; Ind. 571. No connection with any other store in town.

# FOR SALE

Salt Lake City Coupon Paying Warrants (In \$500.00 and \$1,000.00 denominations) bearing 6 per cent interest. Redeemable in ten annual payments. A safe, conservative and paying investment, especially desirable for small investors.

## P. J. MORAN,

BOARD OF TRADE BLDG., CITY.